

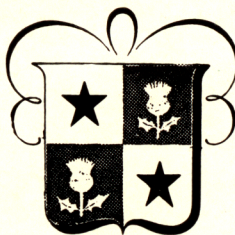
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club"**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

Time's No Object

TIME was when the coming of athletes from overseas was regarded as an event almost of epochal importance. Now it's a commonplace.

On a Wednesday McKenley was in the U.S. By the Saturday following he was competing at Sydney Cricket Ground. This rapid bridging of space excited no astonishment. There was nothing new about it; besides which we are living in a breath-taking age. Everything seems transitional.



The importance to sport of these developments is that international competition is brought within the compass of all countries. Within the reckoning of days Australia may import the McKenleys and the La Beaches.

The importance of this, in turn, is to generate public interest; further, to provide our athletes with the stimulus of keener competition.

On the personal side, competitors like to know that they are in the public eye. Meagre attendances are depressing to officials and competitors alike. All want to feel that their efforts, if unrewarded, are not unnoticed. They seek encouragement such as is derived from the crowd's presence; not forgetting the crowd's cheers.

We saw a mile run on S.C.G. before the holding of the Australian amateur championships. No encounter more stirring had taken place in years at Sydney Cricket Ground. That race attracted (as part of a programme) an attendance of several thousand. On merit, it should have packed stands and hill.



Why the meagre attendance? The meeting lacked draw-cards like McKenley and La Beach.

So it is that visits of athletes from overseas should be arranged more frequently—as they may be arranged through rapid transport—to advance the cause of amateur sport; to stem the drift among young Australians to the bleachers as onlookers and re-direct their footsteps into the arena.

If that be not done, forfeiture of our athletic renown must be only a matter of time.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer:

JOHN HICKEY

Committee:

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GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**G. J. C. MOORE
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TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

FEBRUARY, 1949.

1st W. T. Wood	9th A. E. Cruttenden
2nd E. E. Hurst	11th L. G. Robinson
A. V. White	13th H. Norton
6th C. C. Chambers	A. J. Matthews
T. Prescott	W. Hildebrandt
7th Con Murray	25th H. S. Clissold
8th A. J. M. Kelly	29th J. G. O'Brien

MARCH, 1949.

4th Roy Hendy	17th P. Nolan
H. L. Lambert	18th H. R. Leeder
5th F. J. Carberry	22nd Jack Allen
6th A. A. Ritchie	25th Capt. J. Broad-
V. C. Bear	bent
V. Carroll	Mark Whitby
10th A. G. Collins	26th John A. Roles
11th J. H. E. Nathan	N. F. Albert
14th G. W. Savage	S. Goldberg
15th Ernest Moore	

IMPROVING is Don McDonald, son of W. A., after a severe road accident. Don is in Royal North Shore Hospital. We send him a cheerio call.

* * *

AMONG Club members who visited yearling sales in N.Z.: George Tancred, Maurice McCarten and Tommy Smith.

* * *

VINCE O'REILLY heard good news while on holiday in Perth: His horse Transaction won the Lord Mayor's Cup at Rosehill.

* * *

COMPETITORS at the Australian amateur championships, including McKenley and La Beach, and Mrs. Blankers-Koen, who is competing under the auspices of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association, were welcomed at a cocktail party in Tattersall's Club.

The Chairman (Mr. Chatterton) said: I extend to you all our cordial greetings. This club always does its utmost to foster amateur sport, which, if it were played more universally, would bring to a troubled world wiser leadership and better understanding.

Response was made by Mr. C. J. Moses, president of N.S.W. Amateur Athletic Association.

The Chairman welcomed Mrs. Blankers-Koen and her husband, both of whom replied.

A.J.C. CHAIRMAN'S NEW FILLY

A. J.C. Chairman, M. A. G. Potter, was among the buyers of thoroughbred yearlings at the annual January sale in New Zealand. On his behalf a stately looking filly by Ruthless (imp.) from Joyous was secured for 1,700 guineas. The youngster is a half-sister to two winners in the Dominion, Koa Manu and Lord Broiefort.

Joyous is a daughter of Chief Ruler (imp.) and Limelight. The latter was the progeny of Solferino (imp.) and Stardancer. She won several races and is related to Stately, a winner of the A.J.C. Exeter Hep. and a smart galloper a few seasons back.

Limelight, grand-dam of the filly, was successful in 12 races and her £6,110 in stake money included wins in C.J.C. Great Easter Hep., Jockey Club Cup, and Members' Hep. (twice). She threw half a dozen winners and is a half-sister to Starland (12 wins and £5,420 in stakes including Auckland Cup when carrying the colours of G. L. Stead). Another half-sister, Metal Bird, won 20 races in New Zealand. Family lines includes other stayers, among them, Saint Warden, a winner of the Caulfield Cup and £11,189 in stakes.

Ruthless is sire of the promising filly, Happy Medium, recently successful at Moonee Valley. She had an easy victory.

The imported sire is a son of the famous Hyperion, and a half-brother to Gaekwar's Pride (winner of nine events in England). Hyperion has been five times premier sire of England and his progeny have earned upwards of a quarter of a million pounds in stakes. He won the Derby, St. Leger, and nearly £30,000 in prize money. Correa, dam of Ruthless, was got by Coronach (now in New Zealand) from Ranai by Rabalais.

Ruthless was lightly raced and was early reserved for the stud. His

oldest progeny are now two-year-olds. Mr. Potter seems to have secured a fine type of filly by this new sire.

* * *

ON Thursday, 20th January, 1949, the Chairman and Committee entertained at a Luncheon in the Board Room, the Lord Mayor of Sydney, The Rt. Hon. Alderman E. S. O'Dea, M.L.C., and the Town Clerk of Sydney, Mr. Roy Hendy.

* * *

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue:—PLASTO, Reginald Gladstone, Station Hotel, North Sydney. Died—16/1/1949, Elected—21/10/1935.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES:

House Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles.

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club:

Patron, S. E. Chatterton; President, J. Hickey; Vice-President, W. Longworth; Captain, F. S. Lynch; Committee:—K. L. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; Hon. Treasurer, H. (Barney) Fay; Hon. Secretary, S. Peters.

Doyen of Amateur Sportsmen— Frank Underwood

Among interesting racing events listed for Sydney Metropolitan area for February is the Frank Underwood Cup, named, as its title indicates, after one of Australia's best known and popular sportsmen.

DOYEN of amateur sportsmen, Frank has been a member of Tattersall's Club since September 30, 1909, and is now in his 25th year as a member of the Committee—truly a remarkable achievement. He gets a real kick from the annual running of the middle distance Canterbury race named after him. Who wouldn't? Let's hope he will see many more run.

Frank is one of Australia's foremost sporting identities. His long association with the amateur code, and with horse racing, has made him a prominent and familiar figure in both circles, and few are better informed when it comes to a discussion of the various angles in both fields.

For 30 years, Frank was chairman of Canterbury Park Racing Club, and for 38 years manager of N.S.W. Sports Club. Of the latter body he is the only life member, a notable distinction.

In bygone years he was a top-ranking Rugby Union footballer, a fast and clever forward who represented N.S.W. against visiting teams in the 1898-1903 period. He went to New Zealand in 1901. Now about 15



Frank Underwood

st., he then stripped at an average of 12.10, but he went to 16.8 at one time.

Appointed first hon. secretary (1903) of N.S.W. Amateur Billiards' Association when the Sports Club held the reins, he was also Hon. secretary of Australasian Amateur Boxing and Wrestling Association

from 1903 till 1924 when New Zealand dropped out and the title was changed to Australian Boxing Association. Frank retained the position till 1938. He was also on the Olympic committee from 1905 till 1936.

During Frank's chairmanship of Canterbury Park Club, the late W. L. (Bill) Davis was, for many years, secretary. Later Harrie Evans occupied the position. Bill Davis, with late Fred Clissold, was one of Canterbury's founders. Frank raced a few horses in partnership with Bill. Two that come to mind are Rahiri and Kianga, both of which were trained by club member Fred Williams of Chatham fame. Fred rode and trained some of Australia's best known gallopers.

After Sydney Turf Club came into being Frank was elected to the committee of the new body. The club is doing an excellent job and has Canterbury looking at its best.

This year's Cup, 11 furlongs, worth £1,000 and run February 19, is the star attraction of an interesting programme. Trainer of the winner will receive a special prize of £50 and the race will count in the trainers' premiership.

Dog Lover

MRS. CRUFT, widow of Charles Cruft, best-known name in the dog world, in England, went to Olympia to present the prize to the "best in show." The Kennel Club, reviving Cruft's after nine years, kept to his method and design of prize cards. If the spirit of Charles who died in 1938, was about, he would have found everything Cruft-shape, though he might have been surprised at the Leonburger, a 7st. dog, bought from an Austrian far-

mer by Gunner David Gower, for ten cakes of soap.

Charles Cruft, son of a Bloomsbury jeweller, grew up in the era of exhibitions in the good old Victorian days when a young man with an idea could go ahead and make money. He met James Spratt, who'd come back from U.S. with the extraordinary idea of making biscuits for dogs. Spratt set up a shop in High Holborn and Cruft worked for him, travelled as a dog-biscuit salesman. In Paris in 1879 he put on a private dog show, found he'd hit a good idea.

He tried it in London in 1881. By 1891 he'd taken the Royal Agricultural Hall and he had Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales exhibiting. Except for a break in wartime, Cruft's ran until 1939, its peak being the Coronation show of 1937, 10,530 entries. (This year there are 10,000 entries, 4,500 dogs.)

Cruft did so well that he could live in the south of France for six months of the year. It's said that he never owned a dog. That's incorrect; there's evidence that he once owned a Borzoi.

A Golf Ball Looks Back 100 Years

A READER writes that a seagull flying over the Bude golf course picked up a ball when it arrived several yards from the sixth green and carried it to within five feet of the pin.

Golf balls have landed in bird's nests without breaking an egg. Less successfully they have landed in buses among passengers' heads.

This year the golf ball celebrates its centenary and its quinquagenary.

Please to remember the names of Mr. Gourlay and Dr. Coburn Haskell who gave us the modern golf ball.

Prior to 1848, golfers, who were largely Scots, played with balls called "featheries." These were made of leather, stuffed, by means of a special tool, with "as many feathers as a hat will hold."

A hundred years ago Mr. Gourlay produced a solid gutta-percha ball, eventually known as a "guttie."

In the beginning it was made by professionals themselves, using iron moulds clamped together and heated in tanks of hot water.

Almost immediately it underwent its first modification. It was found that a ball which had been marked by the club had better flight.

End of the guttie

So professionals began to hammer rough patterns on the smooth gutta-percha. Later, the factory-made guttie was moulded with a patterned surface.

For 50 years golfers swore by the guttie, but in 1898 the golfing world heard news that was the beginning of the end for the guttie.

Across the Atlantic a dentist, Dr. Coburn Haskell, had invented a new ball with a hard rubber centre around which was wound, by machine, highly stretched rubber thread, the whole being encased in a dimpled shell of gutta-percha.

Golfers were divided. They wrote fierce letters to the Times. Supporters of the guttie cheered when the cover of the Haskell ball flew off in mid-air.

The new ball was unsuccessful at the British Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1902.

Scoring improved

But a few weeks later the great Alex Herd won the British Open with the rubber-cored ball.

Scoring improved rapidly. From 1892 to 1901, using the guttie, the average score per round for winners of the British Open was 78.3. From 1902 to 1926 it was 75.1, and from 1927 to 1939 it was 72.2.

By 1914 the guttie was finished. After the war the Royal and Ancient decided that the new golf ball could not be greater than 1.62 ozs. in weight, nor less than 1.62 ins. in diameter. These limitations held good



until 1932, when the Americans complicated things.

The U.S. Golf Association, searching for "an easier and pleasanter ball for the average golfer," resolved that thereafter no ball should be less than 1.68 ins. in diameter or greater than 1.55 ozs. in weight. A year later they increased the weight to 1.62 ozs.

In 1941, co-operating with the Illinois Institute of Technology, the U.S.G.A. decreed that, to be legal, a ball could not have a velocity greater than 250 feet per second when tested at 75 deg. F.

Ideal centre

The disparity between British balls and American balls still exists.

Meanwhile, is the ball still like Dr. Haskell's? Fundamentally, yes.

Let us start with the centre. There is no hard rubber core. The ideal centre, so the manufacturers say, would be gas.

This would mean an ultimate pressure of 2,000 lb. per sq. in. and consequent danger to the player. The alternative to gas was tapioca, until Mr. Strachey determined otherwise.

Still plenty of other liquids will do, water, beer, treacle, glycerine, oils, any mobile liquid.

With these, however, the finished balls would be too light.

So a heavy material (such as bar-ytes) is suspended in a thin gel of water and glue, or starch.

The golf ball, which you can now see has become a construction of as much interest to the analytical chemist as the player, must be wound with the best thread.

Unless you remember your chemistry the manufacture of these threads will not mean much to you, but the ball needs about 300 yards which, when fully stretched, would reach over a mile.

The gutta-percha shell has to be a certain thickness to get the best resilience, one-twentieth of an inch serves the purpose.

This ounce or so of rubber, liquid, and gutta-percha rotates with an underspin of 60 revolutions per second, and travels forward at 120 m.p.h.

Up to a certain point the deeper the pattern the further the carry. A dimple of twelve hundredths of an inch will have a carry of 225 yards and a total drive of 240 yards.

A good normal drive is about 250 yards. With perfectly resilient materials this could be increased another sixty.

Perhaps the plastic ball will settle the problem.

A motor mechanic, with a taste for research into these things, recently marked up some characteristics of the golf ball.

He found that only 26.8 per cent. of the energy generated in driving a ball 200 yards goes to the ball itself.

The rest is absorbed by the follow-through, frictional losses at the club-face, sound and vibration.

—John Prebble.

CITATION'S BREEDING LINES

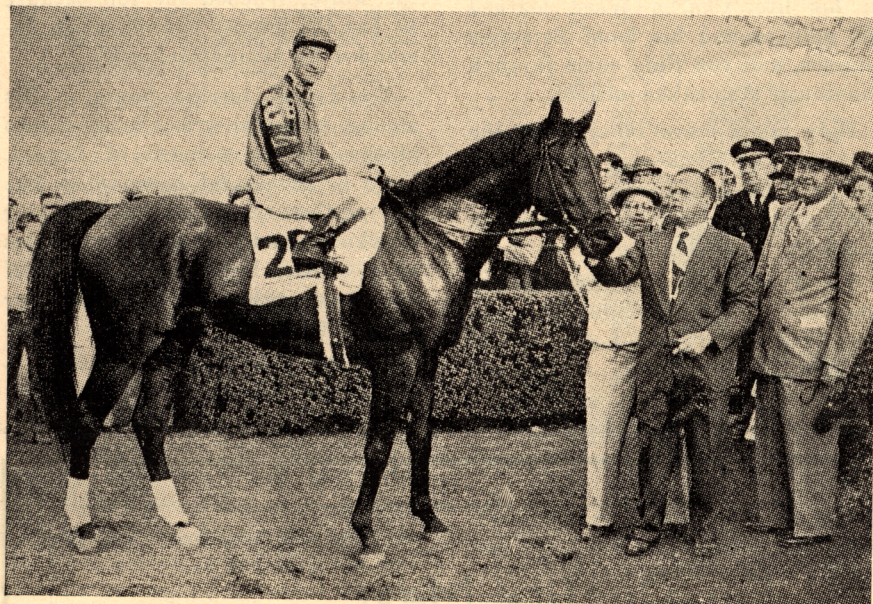
AMERICA'S crack performer—he has started in 26 races for 24 wins and two seconds—has concluded a spell of a few weeks and may not be long in again hitting the turf headlines.

Citation is one of the best bred horses in America and performances once again demonstrate that blood will generally tell. The crack performer is by Bull Lea (a grandson

Club members will be interested to learn that Citation, world's best four-year-old and winner at two and three years of £(A) 255,888 in stakes, is the son of an English bred mare.

grand advertisement for Lord Derby's breeding and has given English racing enthusiasts something to crow about.

Citation's most important win to



Citation's Lines

Citation b. c. 1945	{	Bull Lea	{ *Bull Dog	{ *Teddy
			{ Rose Leaves	{ Plucky Liege
	{	*Hydroplane II	{ Hyperion	{ Ballot
			{ Toboggan	{ *Colonial
				{ Gainsborough
				{ Selene
				{ Hurry On
				{ Glacier

Owner and breeder, Calumet Farm; trainer, H. A. Jones.

of famous Teddy) from Hydroplane II, who raced in England before being imported to U.S.A. in 1941. She was bred by noted sportsman, Lord Derby, and was foaled in 1938. She is a daughter of Hyperion (sire of the winners of a quarter of a million in stakes and five times premier sire of the English turf).

Hydroplane II's dam, Toboggan, was got by Hurry On from Glacier. She has thrown other winners in U.S.A. but Citation has proved a

wards the close of recent season was the Empire City Gold Cup of 100,000 dollars. He also landed Kentucky and American Derbies. Australians regretted that Shannon was withdrawn a couple of weeks before he was to have clashed with America's best racehorse, but perhaps it was a wise move on the part of Shannon's new owners who wanted him for the stud not for tackling younger and more favourably handicapped horses.

Hyperion sired the winners of £242,855 till the end of 1947. Later statistics are not available but that figure would be greatly improved upon. His winners have been located in various countries including U.S.A. and Ireland. Some of his sons are at the stud in New Zealand.

Hurry On was England's leading sire in 1926. He was unbeaten on the race track and sired the winners of £326,215 in stakes—a rather formidable total. Included in the list were Captain Cuttle (Derby), Call Boy (Derby), Hunting Song (six times headed New Zealand's sires' list), and Coronach (Derby and St. Leger). Coronach now at stud in New Zealand is the only English Derby winner to be imported to the Dominion and he has proved a most successful foal getter. His stock have won the Dominion's best races.

TELEVISION AND MOVIES

TELEVISION is now openly challenging the motion-picture industry. With the frankness of youth and inexperience its research institute has coolly announced: "Hollywood as we know it is on the way out." It forecasts 24,000,000 television sets in American homes within the next six years, with cinemas reduced to barren wastelands.

The findings are based on the popular American custom of taking a poll by house-to-house calls, telephoning, and inquiry post-cards. They show that mere possession of a television set automatically reduces film-going by 20 per cent.

With admirable candour the Television Research Institute asks: "If in its present defective state television can reduce screen attendance by 20 per cent., what will happen when video entertainment creeps out of its swaddling clothes and becomes adult amusement? . . . Even the most ardent supporter of video as it is must put television at the lowest level of entertainment. Its heavy, waterlogged cameras are almost immobile. It lacks one of radio's greatest advantages—the imagination of the listener."

Bag Carriers Don't Make Champions



LEADING golfers are perturbed by the steady degeneration of golf caddies into mere bag-carriers. Its effect on British professional standards is going to be more disastrous than either the rising costs of the game, or the supposed American supremacy.

There are no new faces in the diminishing band of travelling caddies who work the tournament circuit. We have seen the same old greybeards for years. Great craftsmen, they will always be just caddies.

Gone are the caddies of 20 years back, who carried bags to pay their way through a long, hard apprenticeship, learning from the masters as they went.

Comparatively few top-class amateurs ever become successful professionals. Notable exceptions were Tommy Armour and Bobby Locke.

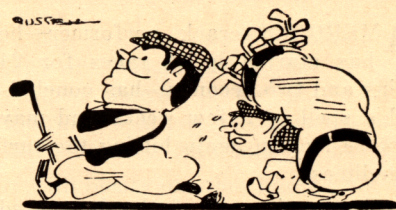
Big-money Men

The three big-money winners in the season's tournaments—they won about £2,500 each — Norman von Nida, Fred Daly, and Charlie Ward, are all ex-caddies.

Irish Fred Daly never had a lesson in his life. Charlie Ward learned his golf around his local Streetley courses, and von Nida came through the tough Australian school.

Daly might have burst upon the scene before 1939—he was a fine player then—but he couldn't afford the heavy travelling expenses from Northern Ireland.

Ward would have rather been a footballer. An enthusiastic club member liked the style of the quick-swinging little caddie, and Ward turned to golf.



Secrets of success

Self-taught dynamic little von Nida, one of the finest players in the world, reached the top because he has the intense concentration demanded by tournament golf.

Ward has terrific power. His strong, powerful wrists bring it into strokes at the moment of impact. Daly is successful because he has the perfect temperament. Humming or whistling an Irish air as he settles to a stroke, Daly is never put off his game, either by spectators or opponents.

—J. W. A. Connolly in the "Daily Express."



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HENRY WOOLFE

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130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

McCamley and Chiene take Point Scores

BIG fields and "photo finishes" continue to be the order of the day in the Swimming Club's weekly races with Arthur McCamley and Bruce Chiene taking out the first two monthly Point Score trophies of the season.

Actually the finishes have been so close in all races that when a metal structure appeared one Tuesday at the finishing end of the pool all members took it for granted that the camera was being installed.

One of the best races of the season was for the Christmas Scramble, seven men aside teams race in which one judge placed three teams a tie, and the other two gave it to one team with another two teams a tie. Harry Davis' team won with Vic Richards' and Bill Kendall's team a tie for second.

In a swim off Kendall just failed to catch Richards and the latter's team shared in the Christmas Cheer trophies presented by Messrs. A. J. Costin, G. Goldie and C. Hoole and the Swimming Club.

Two new speedsters who have put up good showings are Malcolm Fuller, ex Associated Schools Champion and Bob Graves, both of whom won heats at their first attempts in 21 secs.

Vic Richards was also to the fore with a 20-3/5 secs. swim and Bruce Hodgson put up 19-1/5 secs. to win the fastest heat of the season.

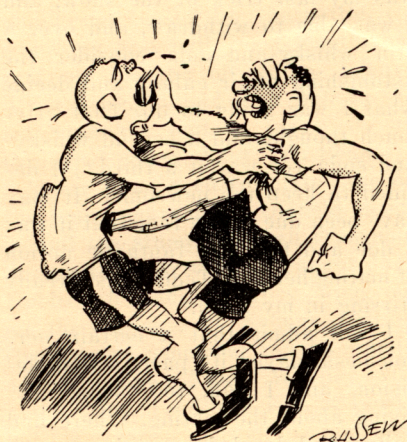
Best 40 yards winning dashes of the season have been:—19-1/5 B. Hodgson; 20 B. Hodgson and C. B. Philips; 20-3/5 V. Richards; 21 R. Graves and M. Fuller; 21-2/5 W. B. Phillips; 21-3/5 P. Hill; 21-4/5 Neil Barrell and J. O. Dexter; 22 J. W. Miller, B. Chiene and P. Heron.

Every time George Goldie wins a race the Pool habitués cheer madly and they have had plenty of exercise for their lungs recently as George has won twice and come second in his last three races. Just at present he is leading in the 1948-49 Point Score but a three week's vacation trip to New Zealand will put him

back in the scores. Anyway, here's hoping you have a good trip, George!

The monthly Point Score wins by Arthur McCamley and Bruce Chiene were very popular especially as this was Bruce's first win in two seasons of hard trying.

A holiday worked wonders for Bill Sherman as on his return he won his first race in fine style and shocked



handicapper Jack Gunton by knocking over two seconds off his handicap. Next shock will be Bill's when he looks at the handicaps.

One noticeable feature of the Swimming Club these days is the list of swimmers who are sons of members who have helped the Swimming Club in past years.

It is really fine to welcome this season George Christmas, Neil Burrell, W. M. Williams and John Dexter to add to the previous lists which includes Col. Chatterton, Bruce Chiene, Peter Hill, Bill Kendall, Vic and Alec Richards and Peter Gunton, the fathers of all of whom have helped the swimmers a lot.

Results:—

40 Yards Handicap, 4th January:—C. Chatterton (25) 1, D. B. Hunter (27) and J. O. Dexter (23) 2. Time 23-4/5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 11th January:—G. Goldie and B. Chiene (58) 1, P. Lindsay and M. Fuller (45) 2, J. O. Dexter and G. Boulton (45) 3. Time 56-3/5 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 18th January:—W. Sherman (31) 1, G. Goldie (36) 2, Neil Barrell (23) 3. Time 28-4/5 secs.

December-January Point Score:—B. Chiene 25½, 1; J. O. Dexter 22½, 2; C. Chatterton and G. Goldie 18, 3; P. Lindsay 17½, 5; M. Fuller 17, 6; D. Wilson and G. Boulton 15, 7; P. Hill and D. B. Hunter 12½, 9; C. Hoole and S. Mather 12, 11; S. B. Solomon and Neil Barrell 11, 13.

Season 1948-1949 Point Score:—The leaders, after the handicap on 18th January, are:—G. Goldie 36½, B. Chiene 34½, P. Lindsay and A. McCamley 33½, H. P. Davis and C. Chatterton 32, G. Boulton 30, D. B. Hunter 29, N. P. Murphy 28½, M. Fuller 27, C. Hoole 26½, W. Kendall and A. Webber 26, J. O. Dexter 24½, J. Shaffran 24, W. B. Phillips, P. Hill and J. W. Miller 23½, S. B. Solomon and S. Murray 23, G. Christmas 22½, S. Lorking 21, D. Wilson, G. Carr and B. Hodgson 19, V. Richards 18½, Neil Burrell and K. Hunter 17, C. B. Phillips and W. K. Sherman 16½, A. E. Rainbow 15, R. Graves 14.

SPORT, ART AND THE PEOPLE

TO agree with Mr. Eugene Goossens when he says that Australians think of pleasure mainly in terms of sport is not to condemn the part which sport must play in any civilised way of living. Horseracing, surfing, football and cricket may be "ephemeral joys," as Mr. Goossens points out, but it is only when they are unaccompanied by any other interest that they become dangerous. A civilised life must strike a balance between the diversions of the body and the pleasures of the spirit—"The Sun."

SUPPERS

Members are reminded that suppers may be obtained on the Fourth Floor in the Lounge, from 10 p.m. to 11.30 p.m., Mondays to Saturdays inclusive.

Telling all about the Rabbit

YOU won't believe this story. No one could possibly believe it. And that is the really serious side of the affair. The tragic side, I almost said, for it may come to tragedy. It may come to a jury, and how can I hope to convince twelve ordinary men and women that my story is true when even as I am writing this I am finding it difficult to believe that it ever happened?

The fact that I am a bank manager and of irreproachable respectability will not help me if it does come to a jury; it may even go against me, so obliquely and paradoxically does a jury reason.

And it all began with a conjuring trick. I was not, of course, a professional conjurer. I gave my performances at parties, concerts, and at my club, and always gratis.

My repertoire consisted of most of the familiar tricks, old and new, and a few of my own inventions, but I usually found the old ones evoked the most applause, and perhaps the favourite of them all, especially with the young audiences, was the very ancient one of the rabbit out of a tall hat. For this trick I had my own rabbit, a nice buck I called Teddy, and I kept him at home in a hutch. I am a bachelor, and my housekeeper is tolerant of my little idiosyncrasies.

One evening — it would be about five months ago — I was giving my show to a large children's party at the club, and to tremendous applause I produced Teddy from the hat after making the prescribed magical passes. And then I stared into the hat in utter astonishment, for there was an-

other rabbit. I hadn't the least idea where it came from, and the wildest thoughts jostled in my mind.

So speedy is thought that little more than a second elapsed between the instant I first perceived the other rabbit and my triumphantly drawing it forth and displaying it to the clapping cheering children. Luckily it was my last trick of the show, and I was able to withdraw, and over a stiff whisky-and-soda consider the astonishing affair calmly and decide what I was going to do. That after much thought and a second whisky-and-soda (or was it a third?) I decided to keep the newcomer. It may have been due to the fact that it was a doe and that the fantastic notion of mating her with Teddy was already stirring in my mind.

I will admit that a certain nervousness played its part in that decision, and I had, too, some misgiving about the mating. Where had Sally—as I decided to call her—come from? This world or some other? If from some other, then what was going to result from the mating of an ordinary rabbit of this earth with a rabbit from perhaps some other planet, or wherever Sally came from? A fascinating question.

—Neil Bell, in London "Evening News."

WHEN the time came to choose a career the son told his father that he thought he would like to take up poultry-farming.

Father was frankly surprised. "Well," he said with a sniff, "you might make a start with owls their hours will suit you better."

THE family had eaten bananas and the charwoman caught sight of the skins which were about to be thrown away.

"Can I have them, if you don't want them?" she asked her mistress.

"Of course," said the lady, "but why should you want banana skins?"

"Well, mum," came the reply, "they'll look nice in my dust-bin."

* * *

"JULIA, do you know what love is?" He put the question in an intense voice.

"Yes," was the firm answer.

"But do you really know?" he asked again. "Have you ever been the object of an undying love as all-pervading as the air, as wonderful and sparkling as the stars? Have you ever loved and been loved like that, Julia?"

In an agony of suspense he waited.

"Have I?" she murmured. "In my bedroom I have a trunk of letters, a box full of photographs and seven engagement rings."

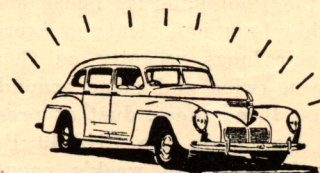
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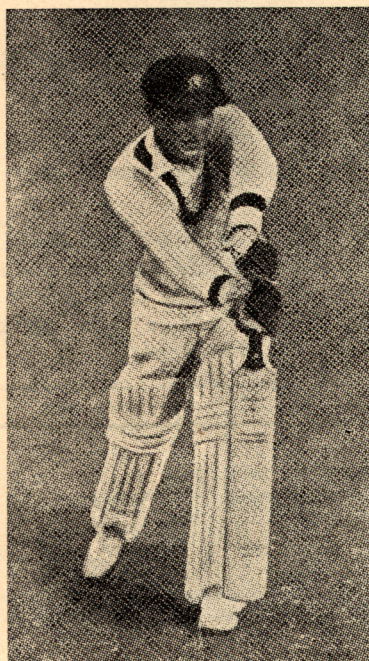
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These Amateurs Earned their Homage

THIS month the Australian sporting public is being given an opportunity to pay due homage to cricketers W. A. (Bert) Oldfield and Alan Kippax. Both graced the first class stage over a score or more of years and were at all times highly attractive and efficient in their respective spheres.

It is the privilege of our magazine to present for the first time, the complete record of each player although the Kippax figures would be considerably embellished were his per-



Alan Kippax

formances on three New Zealand tours available.

Both players blossomed to full bloom after the 1914-18 war. Oldfield was "discovered" in England and chosen "keeper to the original A.I.F. side captained firstly by the late Charlie Kelleway and, later, by Herbie Collins. He made good immediately and the team's No. 1 'keeper, the late Ted Long, not only gave every encouragement but was prepared to stand down for the newcomer who took charge of the "sticks" in more than the usual quota of matches under such conditions. Oldfield not only retained his form after arrival back in Australia but, instead, developed in remarkable

manner. He played for Australia in the Tests against Johnny Douglas' team in 1920-21 and held his position at home and abroad until his retirement.

His Greatest Thrill

Strangely enough Oldfield's greatest thrill came from his batting. He tells of the day he went to bat in a Test Match at Leeds and had a secret all of his own—he needed four runs to complete his aggregate of 1,000 in Tests against England. He says "Big Bill Bowes was bowling and I was tensed for the battle. Up came his first ball, good length, but just outside the off-stump. I gave it everything I had in a pull to the leg boundary and as I saw it sail through I yelled aloud 'You Beaut!'"

There is no need to dilate here on the many marvellous Oldfield deeds behind the stumps. We all remember his masterpiece when he caught Jack Hobbs off Jack Gregory wide out on the leg-side at Sydney Cricket Ground; we remember how he stumped Englishman Frank Woolley with astonishing speed in a Test at Lord's but his greatest attribute is that never was a fairer player to wear flannels. Quoting umpire Ffrench during a lunch adjournment in a first-class game at S.C.G. Oldfield had had a brilliant session and was the butt of conversation. Quoth Ffrench "when Bert appeals an umpire could safely hold up his finger to signal OUT and, later, ask him what the appeal was for. When Bert appeals they are OUT!" Could any praise be greater?

About "Kippy"

When thoughts turn to Alan Kippax the batsman, thoughts fly back to the grace and ease of Victor Trumper. Kippy had much of his style and quite a few of his mannerisms; the same personal charm and an ever alert enthusiasm to make the lot of his fellow team-mates a bit easier. He was permanent captain of N.S.W. State side for a decade and cricketers who climbed up the ladder to greatest success owed much to his guidance on the field and advice off it. Alan never did a mean trick on the cricket field and his advent to the batting crease was always a sign for appreciative applause

from spectators. Maybe his greatest performance was his last wicket stand with Halford Hooker against Victoria in the 20's when the pair put on 307 runs to create a last-wicket world record. Rest of the side had collapsed but, by shielding his partner, Kippy piled on the runs and eventually turned what looked like certain defeat into brilliant victory.

Throughout a long and honourable career Kippy never lost a friend; left the game with honours around him and is still quoted and "loved"



W. A. Oldfield

by those who had the pleasure of watching him in action.

The Figures

Oldfield, in first class matches, caught 392 batsmen and stumped 253 to make a grand total of 645. In Tests against England the tallies were 59 and 31 to make 90 victims in all. His figures have never been even remotely approached in the international sphere. In batting he scored 5,462 runs (1,427 in Tests) at an average of 22.94. Kippax played 192 innings to score 10,210 runs with a highest score of 315 not out. In Sheffield Shield he amassed 6,096 to average 70.88; in other first class contests averaged 98.66 and for Australian XI's in England scored 2,627 runs to average 54.30.

WHEN A WOMAN TELLS

KAY SUMMERSBY was the slim, attractive Irish girl with an up-swept nose and Titian hair whom General Eisenhower employed during the war, first as a driver, then as an aide and secretary.

Kay had been a film extra—"Inevitably there was marriage, a dismal failure." Then she got a job as a mannequin at a well-known dress designers. When war began she joined the Motor Transport Corps and after a spell of driving in Lambeth during the blitz transferred to the American army headquarters. Now she has written, with the help of a capable editor, her own story of the war ("Eisenhower Was My Boss," published by Prentice Hall, New York).

The index gives a fair indication of her viewpoint. Claridge's rates five mentions; concentration camps, Nazi, only two. Noel Coward, "who executed a few fancy steps at AFHQ one day to show us he could

do something more than write witty sophisticated drama" gets equal billing with Czechoslovakia.

The book is crammed with cosy details about the General's dog, Telek, whose activities are covered much more closely than those of Field-marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Britain's war-time CIGS. Miss Summersby even records what Telek thought of President Roosevelt: "To Telek, he was just another nice man; a nice man who smelled faintly of Scot-ties."

Kay Summersby's introduction to General Eisenhower is recorded in full. He said: "I'm General Eisenhower. This is General Clark. We would like to go to Claridge's, please." But Kay soon knew "from past experience that the presence of a female in the front seat of a car, in all the heavy maleness of war, leads VIPs to soften their stiffness and become human for a few minutes."

Called Her "Child"

President Roosevelt called her "Child" and spoke "in a tone I hadn't heard since childhood." Later the President asked her to share in a picnic lunch "with a dull old man." In Algiers Churchill, who had met her before at Eisenhower's headquarters, welcomed her as Kay, and asked how she was making out. Patton gave her lunch in a palace near Palermo once occupied by the King of Sicily. (Even then "Blood and Guts" was using "every word in the docker's vocabulary" to condemn Monty's caution.) Mountbatten, "one of the war's most glamorous men" sat beside her at dinner and was "refreshingly charming."

Small wonder that Miss S. was piqued when George VI. only "smiled briefly in dismissal," and when Monty, who disliked having women around his headquarters, left her outside in an anteroom.

Eisenhower seems to have treated her much as a benevolent uncle looks after an attractive niece. Once he had to break the news that her fiancée, an American colonel, had been killed by a landmine. Then he sent her off to spend a couple of

days completely alone at a farmhouse which he had acquired near Algiers as a place for rest and relaxation.

Miss Summersby confirms that Eisenhower's relations with Monty were a prolonged headache. "As a SHAEF staff member, as part of the official family, and as secretary-driver to General Eisenhower, I grew to dislike the very name of Montgomery. In my personal opinion he gave the Supreme Commander more worry than any other one individual in the entire allied Command."

"I THINK I'll propose my wife for congress-woman."
"Why?"

"Because she's so good at introducing bills into the house."

* * *

"IS Jim a confirmed bachelor?"
He is now. He sent his picture to a Lonely Hearts Club and they sent it back with a note saying: "We're not that lonely."

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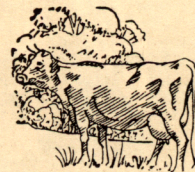
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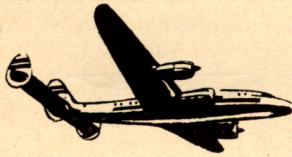
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At this period coal — or its shortage — is on every business man's mind. The picture presented here is an artist's impression of the State Electricity Commission's Morwell Briquette project, showing the new open cut as it will appear after about 15 years of coal winning. In the foreground are the proposed new briquette factories; alongside the open cut is the town of Morwell and, in the distance, can be seen the town of Yalourn, with its open cut, power station and briquette works.



Turf Veteran of Northern Courses

Eight seasons of racing, one year without a start, and still capable of holding his own against best country sprinters, 10-year-old Precise is one of the State's most versatile performers.

PRECISE has done most of his racing in the northern areas of N.S.W., but has made occasional visits to Sydney and the provincial fixtures, with mixed fortunes. In all he has won 12 races (four of them Cup events), and in the aggregate has travelled some thousands of miles.

A hardy type, he has started in 77 races—not really a strenuous list for a horse so long on the turf. He has galloped many miles in races and on the training track, yet is pretty sound.

Best wins were 1944 A.J.C. Villiers Stakes, in which he beat Grand Prodigé and Victory Lad (two class gallopers) and earned £1,277, and the Newcastle Cup (£1,000). Victory Lad, by the way, is now in Perth (W.A.). He has won upwards of £12,000 in stakes. Already a winner in Perth, he is to be set for the King's Cup to be run in that city in the autumn. That is his main mission. Later he will go to the stud in the West and for which primarily he was purchased.

Beaten By Main Topic

In the Newcastle Cup beaten lot included Main Topic, winner of A.J.C. Derby some months earlier. Precise was not on the racing scene at four years. Other Cups he won were Seone Cup and Tamworth Hibernian Cup, and this season, though a 10-year-old, Muswellbrook Cup, in which he beat Desert March and Marlume (a recent winner at Moorefield).

It is interesting to recall that early in his career Precise was raced by club member Bill Longworth, later by F. T. Guy, and later still by Phil Jenkins, last named two being prominent in Newcastle circles.

Late in his two-year-old season, Precise had five starts from which he won once, a Newcastle Novice Juvenile. A Mulley, now doing well in South Africa, rode the horse when he also won once from seven starts

at three years, a Kensington Encouragement. Mulley then claimed a five pounds allowance. He was last month offered a record retainer to remain in South Africa for 12 months. Up till that time he had won, in South Africa, five races from 20 mounts.

Precise was bred in 1938 by Bill Crothers and got by Andrea (imp.) from Exact, a chestnut bred in 1926 and a shapely mare which won on every Sydney course. Exact was by imported Shillinglee from Accurate by Eudorus (imp.) from Short-hand by The Scribe by True Blue from Hester by Beauchamp (imp.) from Ettie by John Bull.

RACING COSTS

I ASKED Charles Jerdein what it actually costs to keep a racehorse in training to-day, and he wrote me the following (reported Lady Margaret Stewart in a despatch from London to Sydney "Truth"):

If you own racehorses in England to-day you have to be either a rich man or an optimist. At the moment rich men are in short supply, so we are left with about 3,000 optimists prepared to face a bill of about £600 a year for each horse they keep in training.

Below is an annual budget for an animal who competes in handicap company and whose owner therefore does not incur the heavy entrance and forfeit fees which accompany classic and high-class races:—Training, £327/12/-; vet., £10; plating, £12; jockey, £53; entrance fees, £60; travelling, £115; gallop fees, £10/10/-. Total, £588/2/-.

What Chance?

What chance has a horse of winning this £600 training bill? There are 2,000 races in the calendar, so there are 6,000 chances of winning money either by a win or place.

Taking the average handicap to

be worth £350 to the winner, with 10 and 5 per cent. for the placed horses, an animal must win two races to pay its way. And, remember, we still have to take the purchase price into account.

SNORE CURE

ENGLISH newspaper featured a report from Australia regarding the invention of a snore preventer by a Hythe (Kent) doctor now in the Commonwealth.

It is a simple plastic shield which cannot be swallowed. It prevents air currents passing through the mouth to play tunes on the soft palate—the cause of most loud snoring.

Natural cure for snoring—a habit adopted by one in every eight sleepers—is a closed mouth. Some people, whose mouths tend to open when they sleep on their backs, sew a tennis ball into their pyjama jacket to make them sleep sideways.

Older remedy is strapping up the chin. Army remedy is a boot hurled down the barrack room.

Scientists have measured snores. A medium snorer produces 40 decibels (unit measurement of sound), equal to a modern car travelling at 20 m.p.h. But a champion snorer can reach 90 decibels, about the noise made by a lorry going uphill.

No wonder that snoring has been successfully cited as part of mental cruelty in American divorce cases. It is not accepted in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Cruelty must be consciously deliberate.

JOLLY OLD OXFORD

IS Oxford suffering from post-war lawlessness? Some colleges are considering severe measures against what is described as "hooliganism." The chapel of one college was entered and the lectern, a priceless relic, overturned and damaged; the floor was covered with cigarette ends. The dean of another college (says our Oxford correspondent) was badly manhandled, and an undergraduate has been sent down. The panelling in the dining-room of Oriel College was damaged in an attempt (it is suspected) to reach the Black Prince's sword which hangs there.



As reported elsewhere three famous visiting athletes were welcomed at a cocktail party in our club during January. From L. to R.: Mr. S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), Herbert McKenley, Mrs. Blankers-Koen and Lloyd La Beach.

Golf Notes

THE revival of Tattersall's Club Golf Club took place at the N.S.W. Golf Club on the 16th December, 1948, when 31 players hit off to compete for three very handsome trophies which were donated by Messrs. John Hickey, T. J. Powell and K. F. Williams. The winners turned up in Messrs. J. Grant, R. Pivott and S. Peters.

The Committee of this body are concentrating now upon bringing out a list of fixtures for the coming season which will commence next month, and it is their intention, whenever possible to play on the second Thursday in each month.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. Peters, will enroll members and has already 45 financial members enrolled, whilst many more are anxious and keen to join up, and may do so by getting in touch with Mr. Peters at the Club.

A list of fixtures now being prepared will give members the opportunity of playing on approximately every golf course in the Metropolitan Area, and when this list is completed it will be notified to all members in the Golf Notes each month in the Magazine and also on the Club's Notice Boards.

Bowling Club Notes

MEMBERS of our club's bowling unit are now back in full swing after Christmas and New Year holiday interruptions.

Social matches have been the order and great were rejoicings when the contest against Double Bay ended in our favour 72-68. The scores indicate the hard battle necessary for victory. A great time was had by all and the winning or losing of a contest is beside the point. We also played the Millions Club on City green, Fairfield and Pratten Park. Wherever our members go they are received right royally and, as anticipated, our "strength" is getting stronger and stronger. A modicum of successes gives proof of this and, in all cases, our team has put up a creditable performance with no liberties taken by opponents. In future we will endeavour to give complete score details in the Magazine.

During February we will be engaged in matches against Cinema Industries of N.S.W. and Kensington Club has made its surfaces available. Details for our Pairs Handicap competition have been completed and are on display on the Notice Board in the Club. Members are requested to note that closing date for entries is MONDAY, February 21.

He Breeds Mink on Surrey Farm

EX-PARATROOPER, 22-year-old, John Sanders, has the beginnings of a mink coat running round in wire cages on his Littlewick (Surrey) farm. He is one of the pioneers of an industry which in a few years' time might well be an important part of Britain's export drive.

Before 1935 there were no mink farms in the country, but now the Board of Trade is giving breeders every encouragement, and experts are certain that our climate suits the mink better than its traditional Canadian breeding ground.

John Sanders started his mink farm last January with 24 animals, and hopes by the end of next year to be able to sell enough pelts to make a new look fur coat. A hundred individual skins would be needed and the finished article would cost well over £1,000.

It costs John 30s. to raise a mink from birth to pelting, and the dried skins sell for £6 each. Live minks used for breeding sell in trios, two females and one male at £75.

Although Sanders loves the work, he warns prospective breeders that it is dirty, backbreaking work, and no back garden spare time hobby.

Cannibals

"It's surprising," he said, "that such wonderful fur can come from such a repulsive little animal." The mink is cannibalistic and ferocious. They kill each other, and a female mink weighing 1½ lb. can easily kill a full grown goose or chicken. Nor will they hesitate to bite the hand that feeds them.

Sanders has a permanent contract with a local slaughterhouse for blood, which he feeds to his minks, mixed with fish and meat offal. He also doses them regularly with yeast and cod liver oil.

The animals mate in February, breed in May and are ready for pelting seven months later in December.

I agree with John Sanders: the mink is a dreadful animal. Yet not only does it provide some of the finest fur, but its fat is the base of madame's lipstick.

AUSTRALIA'S INFLUENCE ON WORLD SWIMMING

FEW Australians know that it was our own Sydney Cavill who revolutionised swimming style when he was imported by the San Francisco Olympic Club in 1900. The following article culled from the "Olympian" (U.S.A.), tells its own story:—

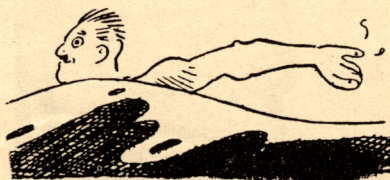
"Not mentioned by the officials was the fact that the improvement in American free-style competitive swimming since 1883 was due principally to an incident that occurred here in San Francisco in 1900. That year the directors of The Olympic Club engaged Sydney Cavill of Sydney, Australia, to coach the Olympian swimmers. The American record for the 100 yards in 1900 was 65.6-10s. and the world record 1 minute, made by J. H. Derbyshire of England, November 2, 1897.

Trudgen to Crawl

Within six months, after Cavill changed Scott Leary from the trud-

gen stroke to the Australian crawl, he lowered the American record to 62.2-5s.

During a tour of the Midwest cities in 1902, Leary won 17 consec-



utive races and in 1905 became the first American to swim the 100 yards in one minute.

Charles M. Daniels of the New York Athletic Club studied the Australian crawl as demonstrated by Leary, evolved from it what is known as the American crawl and in 1906

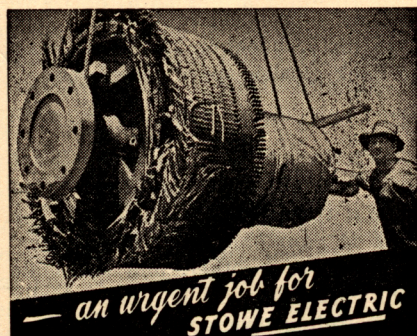
started the slashing by Americans of the world record for the distance.

First tying the world record of 57.6s. on February 22, he lowered it by 1.6s. on March 22 of the same year. September 7, 1907, he placed the record at 55.4s. and at 54.8s.

April 7, 1910, Duke Kahanamoku, swimming the American crawl, followed Daniels and by September 5, 1917, had lowered the world's record to 53s.

A fellow Hawaiian, Pua Kealoha, tied Kahanamoku's record August 1, 1921, and then John Weissmuller began his six-year reign as free-style champion of the world. By April 5, 1927, Weissmuller had lowered the record to 51s. This time was tied by Peter Fick, April 2, 1936; Howard Johnson, February 11, 1942; William Prew, April 4, 1942, and Alan Ford on August 14 of the same year.

(Alan Ford, U.S.A., swam 100 yds. in 49.7s. in 25 yds. baths in 1943—C.S.).



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A MAN was boasting to a neighbour who lived in the same block of flats that he had kissed every woman in the building except one.

The neighbour, boiling with jealousy, went straight home and reported the story to his wife, saying with a suspicious glance: "I wonder, Maggie, who the woman is that he hasn't kissed?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I suppose it will be that stuck-up Mrs. MacIntosh on the third floor."

* * *

DORA was in the middle of her singing lesson when her mother arrived on the scene. After listening for some time the latter broke in:—

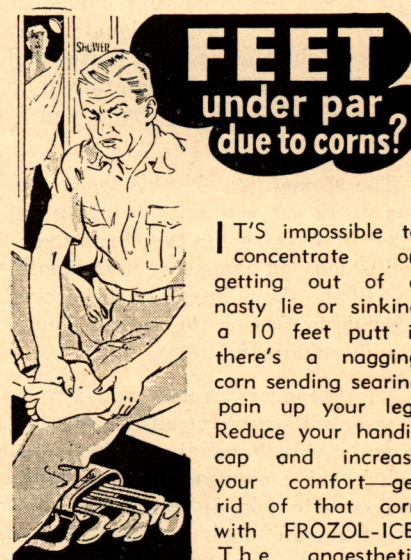
"Ah—er—and how is my daughter getting on? Do you think she will make a good singer?"

The music teacher seemed at a loss for words.

"Well, madam," he said at last—"it's rather difficult to say."

"But you must know by now if she possesses some of the qualifications."

"Well, she's got a mouth."



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Hans Andersen's Hat

I DID something the other day that my children and grandchildren may like to hear about. I put on Hans Andersen's top hat. Seriously, it really was his hat. It has been brought over to London for the Danish Exhibition. I happened to go along when they were unpacking it and one of the chaps said, "Try it on." I think it must be a magic hat because even though it didn't fit (it was too small) an urge came over me to tell a fairy story of my own. So here goes.

Once upon a time (1805) a son was born to a poor shoemaker and his wife (at Odense in the Kingdom of Denmark). They were so poor they lived in one room but were happy because a child meant more to them than gold. When the boy was 11 the shoemaker died and his widowed mother said: "Hans, my son, you must chose a career. How about the tailoring trade?" But Hans fancied himself as a dramatist, and went on playing with his toy theatre, dressing his puppets, and reading Shakespeare. At 14 he set off to seek his fortune (in the theatrical world), and presently came to a big town (Copenhagen), where he asked for work (as an opera singer, of all things).

People Laughed

The townspeople merely laughed at the provincial boy. He was so young and so odd. One day when he was nearly starving he met two kind musicians who offered to give him singing lessons. But just at that moment a wicked fairy waved her wand and the wretched boy's voice broke.

The king (Frederick VI., 1808-39) heard about this, and, taking pity on the boy, sent him to a grammar school, where he stayed till he was 22 (surely a record, even for a fairy tale). He hated every minute at school because he didn't want to be a prefect. He simply wished to be a great dramatist, or, failing that, a great novelist.

Hans Andersen went on yearning to be one or the other all his life, and wrote fairy stories in his spare

time only. The more people admired them the harder he worked to achieve his other ambitions. But they didn't come off, and he died at the age of 70, honoured throughout the world as an immortal teller of children's tales.

If that doesn't move you I recommend you to read again the story of "The Ugly Duckling." It is pure autobiography. I read it aloud to the family, and when we came to the end, where the duckling found he was really a swan, we were almost crying. I take off his hat to him. If the hat had anything to do with his ordeals. I'm glad it didn't fit me.

Hans Andersen had a fear of fire, and always carried a rope on his travels for getting out of windows if the place caught alight. The rope has been brought over for the exhibition, too. So have a couple of his trunks, his umbrella, some original MSS and a letter from Dickens.

—London "Daily Express."

DIVORCE WON'T HELP

DR. EDMUND BERGLER, formerly assistant director of the Psycho-Analytic Freud Clinic in Vienna, and now lecturer at the Psycho-Analytic Institute in New York, has written a book, "Divorce Won't Help," and in it he says: "The futility of divorce can be established clinically; the second, third and nth marriages are but repetitions of previous experiences. The partner is changed—but that is the only difference."

He finds nothing wrong with marriage itself, but something he maintains, "is very much the matter with the mental state of a high proportion of the people who enter into marriage."

"Too many of them are neurotic; and neurotics are not good material for marriage. There are no innocent victims in the marital graveyard."

"All stories about a normal woman who becomes the prey of a neurotic man, and vice versa, are literary fairy tales. Real life is less ro-

mantic; two neurotics look for each other with uncanny regularity."

And here is his list of requirements for a good wife:

"She must accept these facts: Her husband is inwardly a little boy, who must not be taken too seriously, though seriously admired; he needs to feel sure of her; he needs to know that her aggression is directed towards his enemies, never towards him."

Must Identify Herself

"She must identify herself with her husband's troubles—listen, console, and help him if she can. The money he earns is a reality factor and not a weapon to be used against him."

"Sex is fun and not a marital weapon; the success of failure of a marriage is mainly the wife's responsibility. Marriage may mean, at its best, relative happiness, provided it is not unconsciously misused as a stage for the repetition of infantile neurotic conflicts. The balance of marital power automatically favours the wife."

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LUCK'S A FORTUNE

HOUSES are probably scarcer in Australia than they are in England, but John Alexander Williams (32), an immigrant from England with his wife and three children, took just seven minutes to find a home to-day.

Williams, a carpenter from Hastings, described himself as "usually lucky."

In 1941, as a Royal Navy shipwright on his way to join H.M.S. Hood, he fell and broke his ankle. A week later Hood was sunk by the Bismarck.

Early in 1942, at Greenock, Williams was reprimanded by a Wren for failing to carry out an order. Three weeks later he asked her to marry him. She consented.

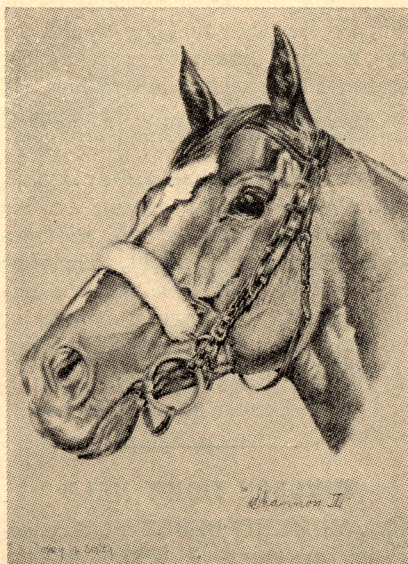
In February, 1943, Williams, duty petty officer at the Royal Navy barracks, Algiers, left the signalman's block. Seconds later it was demolished by a German bomb.

Back home in June, 1944, Mrs. Williams told her husband she

thought it would be nice to have twins. He agreed. In April, 1945, Arthur and June arrived.

With his carpentry business not going very well, Williams thought his luck was out, but trusting to fortune he took an Irish Sweep ticket. Two months later he received a fifth prize worth £7,352.

The Williams family then put down



As Americans see Shannon. Drawing is by Mary M. Smith and appeared in the "Thoroughbred Record" (U.S.A.).

their names to come to Australia. They arrived by the Stratheden a year earlier than they had expected, because friends had cancelled their passage.

Booking seats on the train for Sydney from Melbourne to-day Williams asked the man behind him in the queue what accommodation was like in Sydney.

The man—Mr. Tolly, a Melbourne carpenter—volunteered the information that his sisters, who owned a house at Bondi, Sydney, were moving to Queensland.

So Williams got the house.

Encouraged by the success of Shannon and other Australian-bred horses, various owners of lesser lights are looking across the Pacific. They realise that many opportunities are available for minor stake money, even if their horses are not good enough to tackle America's best in the 100,000 dollar events.

Placing a horse right often brings success and much grist to the mill. Shrewd owners can easily dodge the best class performers, but any contemplating a trip to U.S.A. should make sound preliminary inquiries before embarking on the voyage. There might be many pitfalls.



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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THE COUNT WHO CLEANED WINDOWS.

THE great grandson of the Empress Josephine—yes, the Josephine—is dead.

His body was found in the cellar of a bombed house near the Old Port of Marseilles. The cause of death was starvation.

He was the Count Guillaume de Beauharnais; he was also, if such a relationship there is, the step-great-grandson of Napoleon (who, as you know, married Josephine)—and he was a window-cleaner.

His great-grandfather was Gen. Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was guillotined in 1794, shortly before the death of Robespierre. It now belongs to history that the widow married Napoleon—in March, 1796—and that Eugene, son of the first marriage, grandfather of the man whose body has now been found, protested strongly against the union.

Made a Prince

But he had his solace. He became, in the Italian campaigns of 1796-97, aide-de-camp to Napoleon and, after the proclamation of the Empire, a prince with an annual stipend of 200,000 francs and the command of the Army in Italy.

And when, later, Napoleon challenged Moscow, he acquitted himself well in the battles of Borodino and Marojarovslavitz (great battles in 1812, as they were in 1942). And then in 1824 he died, leaving two sons and three daughters.

Thereafter history is silent, until now.

Stranded

It is known that the man whose body has been found spent much time at the court of Monaco and that it did not suit his active mind. It is known that he left the Monacan court to become a wanderer, to join touring comedians and to play music between their turns.

It is known that when he tired of the comedians he joined the French Army and served under de Gaulle in the crack Chasseurs Alpins, who fought at Narvik.

Like countless other men the war left him stranded. He tried many jobs. In the end he became a window cleaner, and in the end death claimed him. He was 44.

EINSTEIN NIGHT

SYDNEY had suffered the inevitable reaction from the dear damnation of silk stockings. A wave of culture had overwhelmed the socially demented city of yesterday. Clerks dispensed with their bets to buy books of learning, and flappers put their spare pennies into girl-guide literature. Jazz and cocktails were like the fashions of yesteryear, and the starting-price shops had long been closed.

This was Sydney when Einstein arrived to elucidate his theory of the relativity of light.

It was a highly erudite audience that filled the Town Hall on the night of his first address. For three weeks prior to his coming you could

not buy a copy of his works or critical review for love or money.

Every section of Sydney society was represented in that vast, seething audience. When the eminent Professor had completed his exposition, he was plied with queries revealing learning that fairly astounded him.

"You all seem to know as much about it as I do," he observed. "Now is there any other question?"

A wan-faced young woman rose in the body of the hall. Her eyes glowed with the light of sorrowful reminiscence. Sadness and suffering were stamped on her face. Remorse held her in its clutches.

"Can you, Mr. Einstein, turn back the universe and give me yesty?" she asked.

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BETTER
SMARTER

THE NEW
Klipper
WOOL TIE

4/3
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ROUNDAABOUT *of* SPORT

BEFORE the war it cost the American sportsman £1,875 (plus an initial investment of £6,250) to play polo. Now it costs twice that for upkeep—about £3,750. Consequently, the number of active players has been sharply reduced. There are only about 2,000 now. Polo associations are casting about for ways of bringing more money into the sport.

The United States Polo Association has made the first move. It is reducing admission fees to matches from 12/6 to 5/-: hopes to draw working-class spectators, too.

PLANS are being discussed for the holding of an International Athletics contest between Europe and the United States every two years, the first to be staged either in New York or Amsterdam next year, reports Reuter from The Hague. The proposal was first discussed in London last month and was enthusiastically received by American officials.



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The contests would be either between Europe and a combined North and South American team, or a triangular tournament with teams representing Europe, North America and South America. The match would include all the Olympic events with the exception of the marathon and walking.

THE skeleton of Brown Jack—he is not to be stuffed—is to stand alongside those of other famous race-horses at the Natural History Museum. The arrangement that he should go to the museum was made some time ago, Sir Harold Wernher tells me. For companions he will have the venerable bones of Ayrshire St. Frusquin, William the Third, Royal Hampton, Ormonde, and others.

Before Brown Jack goes to the London firm who will prepare the skeleton, he is to be examined by experts to see if there is anything unusual in his heart or other organs that helped to make him such a great runner.

FAILURE of the best of England's professional footballers to beat in Copenhagen the Danish amateurs who were third in the Olympic Soccer tournament, raises the question of whether the training of our players is on the right lines (writes an English critic).

While our professionals train every day the Danes put in two evenings a week with their own clubs. Yet they were as quick on the ball as our men and lasted as long. And the teamwork of the Danes who came together for the first time in the dressing-room before the kick-off was as good as ours, I am told by Bernard Joy from Copenhagen.

On the day after the match the Danish players were back at work in offices, schools and factories. Perhaps that is the secret. Our men who live football all day tend to become mentally stagnant whereas players working all day in another occupation have alertness and freshness.

JOHAN BARRIE, who came to London last year to make his snooker fortune, has gone back home to Wisbech. Not that Barrie found no gold-paved streets, but his father must retire after a serious illness, and so John, snooker's youngest professional, returns to the family hotel business and plays snooker when he can.

Barrie's stay in town changed his future. Joe Davis took him in hand, remodelled his style from the awkward corkscrew stance he had adopted to suit his 6 ft. 2½ ins., and passed him out as a future champion.

BILLIARD AND SNOOKER CHARGES

As from the 1st January, 1949, the charges for the following will be:—

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SNOOKER:

2 Players - - (per game) 1/6
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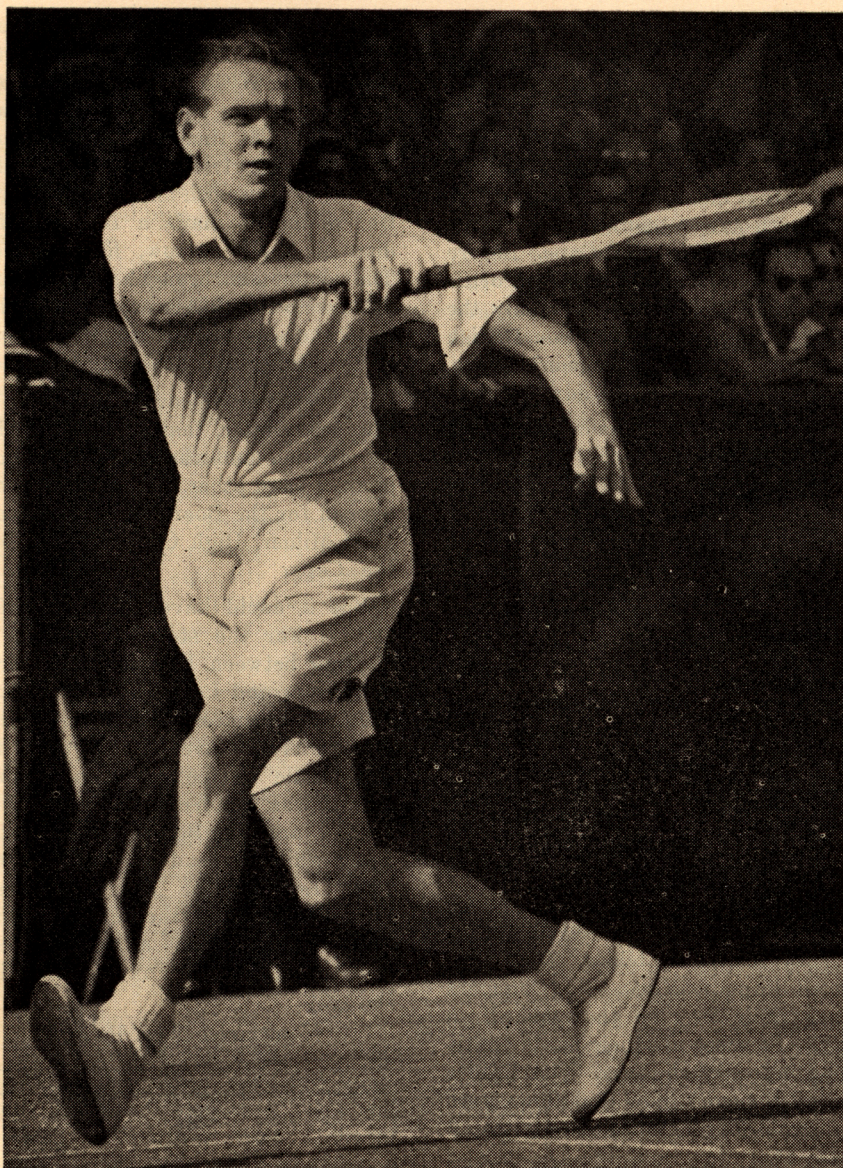
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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.



Jack Kramer, ranked No. 1 tennis player of the world, let the "cat out of the bag" in a talk abroad recently. It had been rumoured the recent Australian tour was not a financial success. We don't know about that as Kramer stated each player received roughly £500 per week on the tour. Says he will be back again this year!

WHO is the most improved boxer in Great Britain? Search the ranking lists, compare records and review our most promising talent. The question almost answers itself.

He is Dick Turpin, 28-year-old, coffee coloured holder of Britain's middle-weight championship. For a decade he was considered just another fighter. Then the colour bar on titles was lifted and he rocketed to the top.

Now Dick Turpin may be given the chance to win Britain's third world championship. He is to be groomed for a tilt at Marcel Cerdan's newly-won crown.

FRANZ LEHAR, composer of the "Merry Widow," who died in his Austrian home recently, had begun to work again just previously. Two years ago he started his 31st operetta—after a pause of ten years when "Nazi occupation spoiled the mood for happy music"—then his wife died. He did not write again until a short while ago.

Lehar told a colleague: "To write a hit is easy. Just sit down after midnight and listen. To anyone but a composer the world is asleep. But the composer hears the voices of the stillness and before he knows how, a melody arrives."

GAMBLING ANGLE

LORD BEVERIDGE wonders whether the Government should sanction so much "commercial gambling," though he admits that it may be wrong to exaggerate the evil. He accepts that the money used in gambling—about £55 millions a year—is only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the nation's personal expenditure. But he brands the use of manpower for organised gambling—about 100,000 full-time workers, or 1 per cent. of the working population—as the greater evil.

He hazards that a balanced survey might well show that the greater part of the new leisure is being used for developing better and more understanding relationship among the family at home.

* * *

WHEN Bill Ferguson, Australian scorer for 40 years met the King, His Majesty asked: "Do you use an adding machine when the Don is in?"

* * *

DOUGLAS JARDINE'S view of the Australian XI: It was, judged by any past standards, an outstandingly strong batting combination. The first nine in the batting order were one and all eminently capable of making 100 in a Test Match. In other departments of the game, judged by past Australian teams, the side was by no means outstanding. The bowling, for instance, could not challenge comparison with Armstrong's 1921 team.

To suggest that the fielding or captaincy were brilliant or inspired would be flattery, but both were adequate and more than adequate. In fact Australia was our superior in every department of the game, with the possible exception of wicketkeeping, where there was little or nothing in it.

* * *

THAT flying Scot McCorquodale ran the 100 metres faster than a European has ever done it before, in 10.4 secs. according to the electric timing. This shows that there was a third of a second between first and last in the final and that Mac was only one-tenth of a second behind the winner Dillard.

Short Story.

WAGGON WHEEL ODYSSEY

Story of the great trek of the Boers as told by Noel Monks in London "Daily Mail."

IN THE SPRING of 1834 there set out from South Africa's Cape the greatest of all treks, the trek of the Voortrekkers (those who went before).

It was composed of Boers, their women, their children, their worldly goods, and their bibles. No mad gold rush activated them, no spirit of adventure into the Unknown, no greed for gain. They just wanted to be alone. They wanted to get as far away from the "odious English" as possible.

So off they set in their ox-drawn waggons, bible in one hand, stock-whip in the other, and in their hearts a black resentment of the English intruders.

The Dutch Stayed

The Voortrekkers went north and east, over mountains, across trail-less veldt and dangerous rivers, giving their names and their lives as milestones to a nation's birth and to history.

Nearly a hundred years before, the old South Africa had begun when the Dutch settled in the Cape. Before them, both the British and the Portuguese had come and gone. Only the Dutch stayed on. But the British returned after the Napoleonic Wars, this time for good. To-day the descendants of the Voortrekkers are in power in South Africa and there's talk of another trek—an outgoing trek of the British. And the world watches Dr. Daniel Malan, conqueror of Smuts, for a sign that it will begin.

The English pursued the Voortrekkers, who became so obsessed with the desire to be lonely that they even broke away from each other and set up miniature republics. They called one the Orange Free State, after the Orange River. Another they named the Transvaal, after the River Vaal. They spread themselves all over the veldt, and at last it seemed they were happy. They were alone, on a dark, unknown continent.

They read their bibles. They produced large families. No strangers came their way so they heard no news. Farmers all, their herds multiplied before their eyes. The Kaffirs did all the work, now that there were no stupid English missionaries to tell them that they and the Dutch and the English were brothers. The Kaffirs, who had known happiness before the Dutch came to South Africa (but who have not known it since), found the Voortrekkers good, if stern masters.

A fine race of men was produced in the silence and desolation of the back-veldt. They were tall and strong and tough. But all they knew of the world beyond their porch was that they had to dislike and distrust the English.

Gold — and Smuts

Then, just as this new generation of Voortrekkers' children were having their anti-English germ planted in their hearts, two things happened in South Africa that were to change the whole lives of the old Voortrekkers.

At a place called Kimberley diamonds were found. And on a farm in the Cape of Good Hope Jan Christian Smuts was born. The year was 1870. At the time of the diamond find the Voortrekkers, getting old now, had no wealth and wanted none. But diamonds made a fool's paradise of their narrow, little world. The diamonds brought Cecil John Rhodes to South Africa, an Englishman who was first to win the esteem of the Boers and later their hatred.

It was the discovery of gold, a few years later, that finally brought the British and the Boers to arms against each other. Chamberlain was blamed for the Boer War and so was Lord Milner, High Commissioner for the Cape.

But it could have been the 1899 Derby! For the story is told of a meeting between Kruger, the Boers' champion, and Lord Milner, in May, 1899, at Bloemfontein, at which the issue was the averting of war. In the middle of the conference Lord Milner was handed a telegram, and Kruger and his Boers waited anxiously while he read it. Instructions from London, the Boers thought. Lord Milner read the telegram and said solemnly to the anxious Boers: "Gentlemen, Flying Fox has won the Derby."

(Continued Next Page)



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Cigarettes

How They Began: Not So Long Ago

ONE day in 1799 Napoleon was besieging Acre during his Egyptian campaign. A grenade destroyed the big communal pipe of Suleiman Bey's artillerymen.

One of the Bey's men, "famishing for a smoke" — how familiar the words sound—rolled some tobacco in a piece of the fine India paper which he was using for making gunpowder "spills," and lit—the first cigarette.

First Factory

The habit spread among the Egyptians. Then to European capitals. It spread most rapidly in Russia, where the first cigarette factory of importance was established in St. Petersburg by Baron Joseph Huppmann in 1850.

Kruger is said to have stormed out of that meeting convinced that war was inevitable. And war came.

Not for Them

Gold and diamonds were over the heads of the Voortrekkers. They showed no interest in acquiring either—though as luck would have it one of Kruger's farms turned out to be a gold mine.

Before Smuts could read or write England had taken over the bankrupt Transvaal "republic." (It was yielded back again after a bloody battle.)

The Voortrekkers were dying out when the war between the Boers and the English set the veldt alight. But their kin went marching on—against us. The Voortrekkers wanted time and the world to stand still. The English who followed them wanted civilisation and South Africa to get acquainted. And they wanted, too, another jewel for their Queen's crown.

The Boers did all right out of their war; better than if there had been no war at all, and better probably than if they had won. The English returned them the territory they had lost, gave them complete freedom, made friends with their generals. But in all this the bible-loving Boers saw only the Lord's vengeance working for them.

He founded another in Dresden in 1863, and soon Germany, Austria, and Hungary were lighting up happily.

It is believed that, through contact with the Russians, English soldiers after the Crimean War were the main factor in bringing the cigarette craze to Britain. At any rate, it was a Greek captain in the Russian Army, called Theodoridi, who opened the first cigarette shop in England, in Leicester Square, London, in 1861.

Another Greek, however called Nicholas Coundouris, has claimed that he was really responsible, because he introduced them into England at the invitation of the Duke of Cambridge. Among the few who at once took to them was apparently the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII.—then aged 17.

An Odd Affair

Thus our great-grandfathers knew little of them. Smoking them was regarded as a pretty odd affair. And until the first world war only cads in society smoked Virginians—"gaspers." Turkish or Egyptian were the right things.

Villains and heroes tended to popularise them in an odd back-handed sort of way. Villains in black capes lined with crimson were incomplete unless they puffed at cigarettes while turning out into the snow some heart-broken heroine with her fair-headed child. And heroes, stepping unconcernedly from the wreckage after a car crash at 25 m.p.h., were invariably observed "nonchalantly" to light a cigarette.

Thereafter, chaps in boaters and striped blazers at the seaside were either villains or heroes as they puffed at their cigarettes. Girls could take their choice; either way, it was pretty alluring for them.

—Clement Yorke.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT CHARGES

As from the 1st January, 1949, the following charges will come into operation:—

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Massage - - - (Extra) 5/-

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Sweat Box - - (Extra) 2/-

Books of Minimum Charge
Tickets will no longer be issued.

Polygamy in Fifty Years?

WOULD you—as a woman—rather have a part share in a first-class man or a 100 per cent. interest in Mr. Average?

The answer is quite clear to one of those social scientists whose job is to study the matrimonial problems of the future—Dr. James Bender, Director of the U.S. Institute for Human Relations.

Dr. Bender has stated his views precisely in the scientific journal, "Science Illustrated." He is sure that within 50 years the marriage laws will have to be changed to allow and perhaps to encourage multi-wife marriages.

"Discerning women will prefer a part interest in the superior males to a whole interest in the run-of-the-mill sort," he predicts. He states that American women are already agitating for polygamy to be legalised. It's the men, he says, who are "more resistant."

Dr. Bender thinks that by 2,000 A.D. the man shortage — severe enough in itself*—will be greatly accentuated by two additional and uncontrollable factors:—

(1) Only one man in 10—at any rate in America—will have the emotional stability and intelligence to make a success of a multi-wife marriage; (2) Women will have become so aggressive that 25 per cent. of all men will be too scared to get married.

One Out of Four!

Statistics show that in one out of every four of last year's American marriages the husband is now henpecked. "About 25 per cent. of all marriages in 1947 are estimated to be of the matriarchal type," is how Dr. Bender puts it. He adds that eventually the wife will "wear the pants" in 60 per cent. of all marriages.

Think it over, gentlemen.

*The excess of females is rising fast in white populations—at a rate of 500,000 every ten years in America, for instance.

Lindwall The Master

By **Walter Hammond**

THROUGHOUT the series, Lindwall, Miller, and Johnston have set up a pace attack such as we have not seen in this country since before the war. Lindwall was the spearhead, but he relied much on Miller. Miller, I am sure, if he devoted himself to bowling, would be a bowler even greater than Lindwall.

The inability of our batsmen still mystifies me, as we have some of the greatest players in the world whose abilities should be capable of better shows than have been put up in this series. I think England players are apt to lack that continued concentration which is so very necessary in international matches.

Frequently this season we have seen our batsmen get a sight of the ball and appear to be playing themselves in comfortably when for no reason their concentration left them and they played a careless stroke which meant the loss of their wicket.

I think all of us at the start of this season nourished the thought that our batting was strong and that our bowling, limited as it was, would really be the cause of our being unable to dispose of the opposition.

This has not been the case, for Yardley cannot but say that he has had every support from the limited bowling at his disposal. It has been the batting on which we all placed such reliance which has really let us down.

We must not detract credit from the magnificent Australian attack which has been steady throughout the tour, and in particular the sterling work put in by the pace bowlers.

The fast bowling of this side has been reminiscent of the days of Gregory and MacDonald, the devastating combination in 1921. Then, as now, a fast attack was responsible for

many wickets the fast bowlers themselves did not take.

As in this tour, I think the example was set by the preparation—the unsettling periods facing Lindwall and Miller which enabled Johnston to come along and take wickets.

Johnston has bowled steadily and magnificently throughout the series. I have had the feeling in the past, having been fortunate to get through a tricky period against fast bowlers, unconsciously finding myself trying to take liberties with other bowlers.

So once again I can only say that one of the most important factors for England's cricketers to study closely is concentration.

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NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

THE West Indies cricket team turned out in borrowed clothes and boots for the first match of their tour in India. New outfits worth £1,000, shipped from London, were nearly all stolen. The theft was discovered in Bombay when the team just arrived by air, started to unpack sealed crates sent on in advance in the liner Canton. They expected to find 96 pairs of white trousers, 16 maroon blazers, 32 caps, ten dozen cream taffeta shirts, ten dozen white wool socks, 34 ties, 16 pairs of buckskin boots, and 16 white sweaters. But box after box was empty. Only six pairs of trousers, some ties, caps, and shirts remained.

Mr. Frederick Brame, assistant managing director of Simpsons (Piccadilly), Ltd., said last night: "The goods were packed under supervision and handed over to the carriers at our Piccadilly warehouse."

* * *

THOROUGHbred breeding is apt to run in cycles. English horses have not been up to the best standard since the war. Last year the Derby, Oaks and 1,000 Guineas winners were bred in France. This year the Derby winner was bred in France and the St. Leger winner in America.

Black Tarquin is not eligible for the General Stud Book. We may be sure that after the Jockey Club Commission has completed its investigation the St. Leger winner will no longer be designated as "half-bred." If such proves to be the case the door will automatically be opened to the many good horses bred by M. M. Boussac. Most of them trace to Frizette, who also appears in Black Tarquin's pedigree.

When the rules are altered to admit such blood it can be only for the good of thoroughbred breeding in this country. It will bring in an outcross that is badly needed.

* * *

CHARLES SMIRKE (42), England's leading jockey, next to Gordon Richards, was fined £50, disqualified from driving for five years and ordered to pay £5 costs for being under the influence of drink while

in charge of a car in the West End of London. He had pleaded guilty.

It was said that Smirke's car mounted a footpath, went into Cork Street, then into Clifford Street, and back into Burlington Gardens, where it stopped. Smirke got out, and was clearly unfit to drive a car. He was in no way unpleasant to the police. The magistrate described Smirke's driving record as appalling, with six convictions in 10 years for driving to the danger of the public.

* * *

LAURENTIES, possibly the only horse in England which could be relied on seriously to extend the French horse Arbar in the Ascot Gold Cup, has developed a whistle and will not run. Perhaps this either puzzles you or you think I'm being facetious, but, believe me, when a horse begins to whistle—particularly if he is a good one—the odds are that his racing ability will gradually deteriorate.

The whistle is due to paralysis of the vocal cords. You'll hear racing men referring to a horse afflicted thus as a "whistler," "gone in his wind," "a roarer," or—euphemistically—"he makes a bit of a noise."

* * *

SOME horses are "tubed" to overcome this disability—a small tube is let into a horse's windpipe so that in breathing the mouth and nose are to a great extent, short-circuited. Laurentis is to be "Hobdayed." His vocal cords will be removed. This is a modification of the operation which the late Sir Frederick Hobday, principal and dean of the Royal Veterinary College, exploited with varying success.

You may "whistle while you work," but on Newmarket Heath the very suggestion has made brave men tremble.

* * *

SOUTHPAWS

HOLLYWOOD has a fair share of left-handers—with Charlie Chaplin, Olivia de Havilland, Greta Garbo, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Judy Garland and John Garfield.

One British example is the King: he plays tennis left-handed, though

he is a right-hander in golf, billiards and shooting.

* * *

NOT QUITTERS

THE unqualified determination of the Royal Family, Mr. Churchill, and the whole British Government to stay in Britain and go down if necessary under a Nazi invasion is disclosed in an article based on the secret papers of Mr. Harry Hopkins, Mr. Roosevelt's personal assistant.

The article is written by playwright Robert Sherwood (who was another of Mr. Roosevelt's war-time assistants). It states that Mr. Churchill had told Mr. Roosevelt that "if Britain went down, he and his Government would perish with it."

Mr. Hopkins said that he learned that the British Government did not have even a skeleton plan for evacuation to Canada or anywhere else. He claimed that Mr. Churchill believed that "if the United Kingdom fell, the Empire would be ended—at least temporarily—and the leadership of the remaining units of the British Commonwealth would pass to Washington."

And he quoted Queen Elizabeth as declaring, in response to suggestions from the Dominions that the Princesses be evacuated, that "the Princesses could never leave without me—and I could not leave without the King—and, of course, the King will never leave."

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DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

FEBRUARY.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 19
(At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 26
(At Canterbury Park)

MARCH.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 5
(At Moorefield)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 12
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 19
(At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 26
(At Rosehill)

APRIL.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 2
(At Rosehill)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 9
(At Randwick)
Australian Jockey Club Sat. 16
Australian Jockey Club Mon. 18
Australian Jockey Club Wed. 20
Australian Jockey Club Sat. 23
City Tattersall's Club Sat. 30
(At Randwick)

MAY.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 7
(At Canterbury Park)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 14
(At Randwick)
Tattersall's Club Sat. 21
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 28
(At Canterbury Park)

JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 4
(At Randwick)
Australian Jockey Club Sat. 11
Australian Jockey Club Mon. 13
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 18
(At Moorefield)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 25
(At Randwick)

JULY.

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 2
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 9
(At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 16
(At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 23
(At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 30
(At Rosehill)

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Mon. 1
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 6
(At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 13
(At Canterbury Park)
Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat. 20
(At Rosehill)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 27
(At Randwick)

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 3
(At Canterbury Park)

SEPTEMBER—Contd.

Tattersall's Club Sat. 10
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 17
(At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 24
(At Rosehill)

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 1
Australian Jockey Club Mon. 3
Australian Jockey Club Wed. 5
Australian Jockey Club Sat. 8
City Tattersall's Club Sat. 15
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 22
(At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 29
(At Moorefield)

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 5
(At Canterbury Park)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 12
(At Randwick)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 19
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 26
(At Canterbury Park)

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 3
(At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 10
(At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club Sat. 17
(At Rosehill)
Australian Jockey Club Sat. 24
Australian Jockey Club Mon. 26
Australian Jockey Club Tues. 27
Tattersall's Club Sat. 31
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